PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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GOD FOR US.

Wherefore, faint and fearful ever,
Do we yet our fears belie?
Oft sore-stricken, still endeavor;
Oft brought low, still look on high?
God is for us;
God, our Helper, still is nigh.

He Who suns and worlds upholdeth
Lends us His upholding hand;
He the ages Who unfoldeth
Doth our times and ways command.
God is for us;
In His strength and stay we stand.

Hard the fight with flesh and devil;
Dread the might of inbred sin;
How can we encounter evil
Strong without and strong within?
God is for us;
He will help and we shall win.

'Gainst oppression forth He sends us;
His the Cause of Truth and Right.
With His own great host He blends us,—
Lendeth us of His own might.
God is for us;
Brings to happy end the fight.

Onward, upward doth He beckon;
Onward, upward would we press;
As His own our burdens reckon,
As our own His Strength possess.
God is for us;
God, our Helper, still we bless!

—*T. H. Gill.*

THE TEST OF SENTIMENT.

"From that time, many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him."—JOHN vi. 66.

About the middle of his ministry Christ was obliged to make his position sharply defined to those who surrounded him, and to clear his way of useless and false followers. His object was to train a type of men who should hand down after his death a religion which should seize like fire upon the hearts of men; and for that reason they were bound beyond all else to love his character and his truth. He was bound to test them.

There were many who had joined him from greed,—"because they did eat of the loaves and were filled." There were others who had joined him because of signs and miracles,—"a sinful and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign." Christ tested these types of character, and they left him; for they did not love him.

But there were other types among his disciples, and these also, being tested, were forced to reveal themselves and to depart. They, too, could not love enough. And yet the first of these of whom I speak seemed to have plenty of love, seemed to overflow with enthusiasm. They were those who were attracted to him by the beauty and tenderness, by the emotion and charm of his teaching, by all that we call "sentiment," by the poetical and the ideal. All their feelings went out to meet Jesus, and more especially while his ministry was yet young, before the shadows closed around it. The bright, outdoor life lived in the fields and on the lake; the preaching on the mountainside; the crowds in the sunny streets; the band of young disciples; the mystery upon the Master's face; the charm that

made his words subdue all hearts; the greater charm that hung around his acts; the tender way he had with men and women; the stories he told which enlightened human life, which made all nature vocal with God; the sacred passionateness which filled the whole—these things lured around him all poetic hearts. They loved his words and works. They loved himself.

How was Christ to sift out of all these the ones whose love was really worth keeping? "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," cried one of them, swept away by impulse. Then came the test: "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

"Blessed is the womb that bare thee," cried a woman, thrilled by the beauty of his ways. He sternly said (recognizing the mere drift of impulse, as worthless as it was unenduring, underneath the words), "Yea, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it!"

Yes, he tested all those flittering-fluttering souls who fled to and fro between passion and indifference, between impulse and its fading. They began their easy love without counting the cost and ended it as easily without counting the pain they gave; their devotion to him was the idle pleasure of an empty hour; their love for his truth was like many a friendship, fit for pleasure but not fit for pain. Their constancy to what they took up with eagerness was led away, now by this thing, now by that, exactly as the sentiment of the moment moved them. They always believed they could do this duty or succeed in this business, until the duty appeared on the rocks above their path, and said, *Climb up to me;* until the business said, *Take the trouble to learn me;* then they sighed, and said, "I am tired; I am not well; the climb is too steep; I did not expect this trouble; let me rest." And then they turned to something else.

Of what use were folk of this kind to Christ? What good could they do in carrying out the mission that Peter and Paul carried out before the Sanhedrin and the tribunal of the Cæsar? They were seed sown on shallow ground. He knew well they would wither in the blaze of persecution, or snap like brittle steel in the first frost of trial.

Not to them was to be intrusted anything; not to them, indeed, was to be given the task of preaching the truth and dying as martyrs. So he tested them by leading them into a sterner region than that in which they led their lives, bringing them face to face with an austere loveliness which they would have to work to win, whose smile was to be gained only by righteousness that had endured hardness and love that had been salted by fire. He made it clear to them that his life was not all spent by the pleasant shores of the summer sea of Galilee, but also in the wilderness with the wild beasts and with the tempter; that his crown was rarely a crown of flowers, but rather a crown of thorns; that apparent defeat was the end of all their effort, the defeat of the Cross, . . . that strange misery should be theirs,—companionship with the guilty, the hooting of the Roman world, all that seemed unpoetical, unideal. Victory, indeed, if they could see it! Joy unspeakable and full of glory, peace past understanding, the uttermost ideal of love and holiness, ... but not *their* thought of victory, nor what they wanted. It was not the pleasure of the passing thrill nor the joy of the swift emotion, but something inward, hidden in the depths of God, to be found in eternity, by going through the gates of sacrifice and death.

"If any man will follow me," he cried, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily."

The ideal? What was that worth, if here was not an unbroken struggle to realize it? The poetic? What was it worth, if it could not go down into common life and glorify it? The tenderest emotion? What was it worth, unless it could be unflinching in trial, enduring against allurement, strong against the swift rush of evil impulse? The beautiful? What was it worth, unless it was found deepest in duty, most enthralling in dying for the truth?

And they could not bear it. From that time forth they walked no more with him.

And our religion, our Christianity,—of what value is it if it be of their type? Does God care for it more, do you think, than we care for friendship or for love of that character?

When we lay at his feet, with a light air, the artistic theory that we call religion, poetic feeling only, which shrinks from writing itself down in action, this slothful sympathy which spends its pity

on the life of Jesus, and regrets the fate of the Apostles (whom it would probably turn from the door if they came to ask admission), how does God feel, do you imagine? Greatly pleased with all our fine fancies and fine feelings, when we cry, "Lord, Lord, have I not taught in Thy name? . . . and in Thy name done many wondrous works?" No, indeed. Stern and cold is His reply; "I was sick, in prison, a stranger, and ye visited me not. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me."

Test yourselves, then, by his words; test—in hours when you care to be true—whether you be a follower of him who endured hardness, or only a sentimental approver of the religion and life of Jesus. —*Stopford A. Brooke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE HOLY LAND AROUND US LIES.

We go not on a pilgrimage,
As those who went of old;
The Holy Land around us lies,
Of which we have been told.

I see it when the morning sun
Doth rise o'er land and sea;
The moon's mild beams, the silent stars,
Reveal it unto me.

In all that's good, in all that's fair,
I see its glory shine;
As in the Holy Land of old,
The ancient Palestine.

And brighter yet, in days to come,
Shall shine its wondrous light,
Till all the earth is holy land,
With heavenly radiance bright.

We go not on a pilgrimage,
As those who went of old;
The Holy Land around us lies,
Of which we have been told.

—*Jones Very.*

Preserve us blameless, O Lord, in our goings-out and comings-in this day. Beholding in our hearts the image of Thy perfection, may we be pure with a heavenly purity, faithful in our tasks, watchful against temptation, of tender conscience, of patient spirit, of generous temper, and of reverent humility as ever in Thy sight. Fill us with the simplicity of a divine purpose, that we may be inwardly at one with Thy holy will, and lifted above vain wishes of our own. Help us to keep clean our hearts from unholy thoughts, our lips from rash words, our senses from unworthy indulgence, and our whole life from whatever grieves Thy Spirit. May we heartily surrender all our powers to the work which Thou hast given us to do, rejoicing in any toil and fainting under no hardness that may befall us as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; and counting it as our crown of blessing if we may join the company of Thy faithful, who have kept Thy Name and witnessed to Thy Kingdom in every age. Amen.—*James Martineau.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. A. P. Shepherd is now at 1002 17th Street, Lynchburg, Virginia.

Mrs. Helen M. Warner of New Boston, New Hampshire, is now at Rome, New York.

Rev. F. W. Keene is now at 547 East Hargett Street, Raleigh, North Carolina.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge, Mass. "Paradise Lost," Milton; "Essays," Macaulay; "Library for Young Folks" (five books, i.e. "Authors and Inventors," "Adventures by Land and Sea," "Travelers and Explorers," "Sports and Games," "School Days and College Life"); "Papers," Sir Roger de Coverley; "Don Quixote," Cervantes (in English); "Nathan the Wise," Lessing (in English); "The Spanish Gypsy," George Eliot; "The Ring and the Book" (2 vols.), Robert Browning.

Mrs. Harriet F. Boyd, 17 Marsh Street, Dedham, Mass., offers "Life of Jesus for Young People"; "Life of the Saviour,"

Ware; "Hymns and Verses," Samuel Longfellow; Goethe's Poems; "Faust," Goethe; "Large Truths in Small Stories" (K. G. Wells, Sunday school papers for small children); "Hermann und Dorothea," Goethe.

Miss Nathalia Bent, Canton, Mass., offers a large family Bible to any one paying parcel post. Also copies of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Cheerful Letter* for 1919.

Mrs. F. C. Brush, 17 East 38th Street, New York City, offers the following: Tennyson's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; odd numbers of *Physical Culture; Littell's Living Age*, November 16, 1918, March 15, 1919, also seventeen miscellaneous numbers for 1918 and 1919; *American Journal of Nursing*, October, November, December, 1918, and February, March, April, 1919; *Mental Hygiene*, October, 1918; *Social Hygiene*, July and October, 1918; *American Journal of Public Health*, October and November, 1918 and February, March, April, 1919; *Popular Mechanics*, August through December, 1909, eleven numbers 1910, eleven numbers 1911, nine numbers 1912, twelve numbers 1913, five numbers 1914; *Atlantic Monthly*, nine numbers 1919, eleven numbers 1917; *Century*, eight numbers 1916; *Harper's*, nine numbers 1919; *Red Cross Magazine*, twelve numbers 1918.

The following are offered by the Quincy Branch. Apply to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Musicians" (including Chopin, Beethoven, Verdi, Handel, Wagner, Mozart, Schumann, Liszt, Paganini, and Johannes Brahms), Elbert Hubbard.

The First Parish Branch, Dorchester, Mass, offers the following. Apply to Mrs. E. H. Lanning, 307 Ashmont Street, Dorchester, Mass. "Daily Evening Prayer"; "Outline of Universal History," Weber; Waverley Novels, including "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "Red Gauntlet," "St. Ronan's Well," "Betrothed," "Highland Widow"; Complete Works of Shakespeare.

REQUESTS.

1. Mrs. T. P. Wilbur, Fallbrook, California, wishes to thank the kind friends who have written her. When she moved, she lost the addresses of two kind friends, which she regrets so much. She now lives sixty-five miles out in the mountains. A beautiful place and wonderful climate, but dreary when it rains. Reading is their only pleasure. Tommie and Richard, eight and ten, would enjoy the *Youth's Companion;* Nellie (sixteen), the *Woman's Home Companion* or *McCall's*. Clarence, who has been ill four years, is home from the hospital but not able to work and will very much appreciate the reading.

2. Miss Rosie Hill, Box 32A, R. D. 1, Woodland, Washington, an invalid, is lonely and will appreciate good reading.

3. I am thankful to the Cheerful Letter friends for their kindness in sending me papers and books for the children. I hope they will remember me in this coming year, as I am a poor woman, not very stout; my husband is a cripple, not able to work very much and the children are not big enough to help him much. I shall appreciate anything you send me. Mrs. H. P. Harmon, Decatur, Tennessee.

4. I should appreciate any kind of reading. I am a girl aged twelve. My father is dead. I live in the country and often get lonesome. I have a little sister; she would like any kind of picture-books and post-cards. Miss Rebekah Lawrence, Box 47 R. F. D. 1, Glade Hill, Virginia.

5. Mrs. Susie Thompson, Box 22, Route 1, Dellvale, Kansas, asks for reading for herself, two girls nineteen and seventeen, and a boy of fifteen; she asks especially for *People's Home Journal* and *Youth's Companion*.

6. Eva Hodges, Shuff, Virginia, a crippled girl, will be glad of cards and light reading.

7. I wish to thank every one who has been so kind to me through *The Cheerful Letter* the past year, hoping I may still be remembered through the coming year. I love to read and should be glad of books and magazines any time. I should prefer a school dictionary and "Pilgrim's Progress." I live in a very lonely place in the mountains of Virginia. Cassie Rhoades, Route 1, Hiawassee, Virginia.

8. Miss Bula Brooks, Box 83, Route 1, Wadesboro, North Carolina, one of four

sisters living out in the country, asks for scraps and good stories.

9. Rev. F. W. Keene, formerly of North Berwick, Maine, writes: "Would you please mention in *The Cheerful Letter* that I thank those kind friends who have been sending me magazines, and that I shall be pleased that they will continue to do so to 547 East Hargett Street, Raleigh, North Carolina?"

10. Mrs. Florence Guilliams, Calloway, Virginia, mother of seven children (ages not given), asks for reading for her family.

11. The Life of William Ellery Channing and Channing's Works are desired by Diego Steven, Down Street, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

12. Mr. Randolph A. Innis, P. O. Box 12A, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, greatly desires any or all of the following books: Life of William Ellery Channing, Works of Channing, Longfellow's Poems, Goldsmith's Poetical Works.

13. Being a constant reader of *The Cheerful Letter*, I write you that I taught a public school in Edgecombe County, North Carolina, twenty-eight years, and resigned two years ago because of failing health; but in order to do good wherever I can, I write you for copies of the following books selected from your list: "English History," Montgomery; "War of Independence," Fiske; Arithmetic (Wentworth, Harper, Franklin); Algebra (Wentworth, Walton & Holmes); Geometry (Wentworth & Hill); Latin, "Julius Cæsar," "New Latin Grammar," "Cicero." I have given copies of books to many a one thirsty for knowledge and without means to buy books, so they could study, after which they returned them. My desire now is to build up a library for the aid of those near me. It may be I will teach in the near future, again, somewhere in my county. I refer now to Mrs. Carrie Battle, County Supervisor Schools, Tarboro, North Carolina. Ross Bryan, Box 17A, Route 1, Whitakers, North Carolina.

14. Mrs. Dillard Johnson, Box 247, Humble, Texas, has been ill all the year and sadly missed reading. Will be so glad of magazines.

15. Mrs. A. P. Shepherd, 1002 17th Street, Lynchburg, Virginia, a shut-in, asks for good reading.

16. I am writing to *The Cheerful Letter* for the first time. I am a country girl fourteen years of age. I have three sisters and one brother. I should be glad to receive any good books, some pieces suitable for making doll-dresses, and ribbons for my smaller sisters. Miss Agnes E. Browne, Naola, Virginia.

17. Mrs. R. A. Dudley, R. F. D. 4, Charlottesville, Virginia, not strong enough to keep busy, finds herself very lonely and would appreciate an occasional book or magazine.

18. A copy of a one-volume edition of Channing's Works is desired by Mrs. Percy L. Starbird, Box. 42, Route 4, Salem, New Jersey.

19. A copy of *The Cheerful Letter* having come to my hands, I see that you offer reading to all who request it, and as we live a long way from libraries and good reading and do not feel quite able to buy much, I should be grateful for any good magazines, such as *Woman's Home Companion* or *Munsey's* or *Everybody's*. I should like an illustrated "Mother Goose" for my little daughter, and a Carlyle's "French Revolution" for my husband and myself. I refer you to Rev. C. W. Prettyman of Comstock, Nebraska. Mrs. J. R. Newberry, Tryon, Nebraska.

20. Mrs. G. W. Martin, Jr., Route 4, Whitakers, North Carolina, started a library for her former school-girls and has now about two dozen regular readers. She will be grateful for *Ladies' Home Journal, Youth's Companion, Pictorial Review*, and any new novels. She adds that her husband's brother, who is deaf, lame, and a complete invalid, is with them, and that his only pleasure is in reading.

21. Mr. G. W. Flanery, Ben Hur, Arkansas, will be glad to receive a book on astronomy.

22. Mr. W. G. Cherry, Route 2, Elkhart, Texas, will be very glad of good books and magazines.

23. Mrs. Mary J. McEvoy, Box 51, Route 1, Athens, Texas, asks for reading suitable for her thirteen-year-old son, who is a cripple from birth.

24. This is my first letter to *The Cheerful Letter*. I should be glad if some one would send me the "History of Robinson Crusoe." I have four little children,—two girls and two boys,—and should be glad to get reading for them. I should like to correspond with some of *The Cheerful Letter* friends. Delia Massey, Stuart, Virginia.

25. I should like to thank every one who has been so kind to me in sending reading and scraps for patchwork, through *The Cheerful Letter*. And I should appreciate more reading and scraps through the new year, if any of the good friends could send me some. My husband, also, enjoys reading. Mrs. D. J. Owen, Spray, North Carolina.

26. Miss Addie Eanes, Bassett, Virginia, will be glad of reading.

27. Story books are asked for by Mary Hancock, Box 186, Norwood, North Carolina.

28. Mrs. J. A. Williams, Floyd, Virginia, will be glad to receive papers, books, or cards for herself and five children,—three girls and two boys, the eldest twelve years old.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THROUGH THE COLD WEATHER.

Three groups of parents are meeting the winter months with similar conditions of very low financial resources, children to worry about, and their own health a matter of the greatest importance. Each is hoping to get through the cold weather in good health and with a little money ahead of the game. Pick the winners!

The first family lives in a small apartment. Not one window is ever allowed to be open, lest some one catch cold. There is a folding-bed in the living-room, and a great quantity of dust comes from the bedding, as it does also in a small bedroom. The children romp about on the dusty floor, in the putrid air. No sunlight comes into the room. Last winter the mother had a protracted siege of sore throat. It did not get well until spring, when she was able to get out into the fresh air and sunlight.

The second household consists of a mother, a father, and one child. The father has an obstruction in his nose,—shown by the way in which he says "m." He is naturally greatly addicted to colds. The child, who resembles the father, is in the habit of breathing through the mouth. A doctor has frequently warned the mother that her child has adenoids, and should be operated on, lest his whole health become impaired; but she is "scared" of doctors and hospitals, and besides she hates to spend the money. Because of adenoids, the child is very susceptible to colds. When the father has a cold, in spite of knowing that colds can be communicated, he takes the child on his knee and kisses him just as he would at any other time!

The third household consists of a mother, a father, and two little girls. The father has recently returned from the war, and, having during his absence lost his business, now has to begin life anew. The family previously lived in the country only in the summer, and took a city apartment in the winter; now, for economy's sake, they continue living in the country during the cold weather. In their sleeping-room every window is still wide open, just as it was in the warm weather. They have removed from the bedroom all of the furniture except the beds, and go in there only to sleep. They delight in the luxury of sleeping in the pure, fresh, cold air. In the morning they hop out of bed and run into a warm room to bathe and dress. The children play all day in the open air, free from dust and germs, and protected by sunlight. They are always well bundled-up against the cold.

Which of the three families is likely to get through the winter in good health, with no doctor's bills?—*The Red Cross Magazine.*

TWO GREAT BIRTHDAYS.

February Twelfth. Abraham Lincoln.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says of our great leader, whose name is known and honored all around the world:

Rarely was man so fitted to the event. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years,—four years of battle-days,—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were

sorely tried, and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood an heroic figure in the centre of an heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them, slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of his continent.

February Twenty-second. George Washington.

Edward Everett Hale left this prayer which we may well make our own:—

Father of life,—we thank Thee that Thou hast been with the Fathers; that Thou hast been with him whose birth we this day celebrate. Thou wert willing to speak to them, and they were willing to hear Thee and answer Thee,— "Lo, here am I; send me!" We thank Thee that the memory of this great man has come down to us; of him who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; and we ask Thee that Thou wilt be with our countrymen to-day; that Thou wilt teach us Thy law, that we may walk in Thy ways; that this may be that happy nation whose God is the Lord.

In all time of our trial, if we have sought Thee we have found Thee. In all time of our success, Thou hast won for us our victories. Thou hast been with our counsellors. Father,—to-day, to-morrow, and in days to come, in our memories and in our hopes, be with us still, our Father Who art in heaven. Amen.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

It happened a long time ago; but when two friends firmly believe in each other and fearlessly stand by each other, even to-day we call them "Damon and Pythias." There is a great organization of men, vowed to friendliness and mutual service, called "The Knights of Pythias." And this is the story that goes with those famous names:—

Several hundred years before the birth of Christ there were farms and villages and fine cities on the pleasant island of Sicily in the Mediterranean Sea. At that time most of the towns had been built by emigrants from Greece. The soldiers and business men, the housekeepers and the boys and girls, all spoke the Greek language. One of the largest and grandest cities was Syracuse. The people of Syracuse had no voice in the government, but had to obey whatever laws were made by their chief ruler, a person who kept all the power in his own hands, and welcomed no sort of criticism.

In the days when Damon and Pythias were young men, full of ideas and of energy, the ruler was a strict and severe dictator named Dionysius.

Men then differed about political questions, much as they do now. Pythias was one who objected to some of the laws of Dionysius; in fact, he and some others had been quietly laying plans quite opposed to the ruler; and their actions were discovered. Pythias was arrested and promptly condemned to death. Dionysius did not care to be bothered by any opposition movement.

Pythias had a wife and a family. He was not afraid to die, if die he must, but he did greatly wish to see once more those he dearly loved, and arrange his affairs so that they should not suffer after his own death. He begged permission to go for a last visit to his wife and babies, promising to return on a certain day, at a certain hour, and accept his fate. Dionysius let him go on condition that his close friend, Damon, should take his place, meanwhile, in the prison; and it was agreed that, if Pythias should fail to come back for execution, Damon should die in his stead.

Some one has written out, in the form of a talk between Dionysius and Damon, the end of that strange and terrible agreement. The day for Pythias' return had come, but he was still absent.

DIONYSIUS—Is Damon ready to redeem his pledge? The hour is nigh, but Pythias appears not. Freely didst thou become his substitute, and, if thy friend return not in five minutes, thou must die in his stead.

DAMON—I am content. I ask no favor. But Pythias will return. Do not doubt that.

DIONYSIUS—Dost thou truly believe it still?

DAMON—Most confidently. Yea, if he lives he will surely be here at the appointed hour.

DIONYSIUS—The watchmen on the towers have scanned with care each road

leading to Syracuse, and yet no horseman, eager in his haste, appears on the way. Thou art cheated!

DAMON—Cheated by him? Oh, never! He will return in season.

DIONYSIUS—Then he must ride faster than ever horseman rode to this town. But suppose he should not return?

DAMON—Why, even then, King Dionysius, I would not for one moment believe that my friend intended to betray me. Accidents may happen; a horse may stumble; a man may be waylaid and prevented.

DIONYSIUS—When a friend's life, pledged for one's own, depends on the event, there should be such precautions as will bar out accidents. He should be content with nothing less than certainty.

DAMON—No life is completely certain. What if, in his haste, he should have overtasked himself, and fallen helpless?

DIONYSIUS—What if his wife and children should have held him back? What if the fear of death should have so weakened his knees that he could not come?

DAMON—Such sneers ill become a king! No,—couple not the thought of cowardice with the name of my friend. He would scorn a life saved by the breaking of his word. Should he not come—

DIONYSIUS (*interrupting*)—*Should* he not come? He *has* not come! One moment more, and the signal for thy death will be sounded.

DAMON—Let it sound! Now I do hope, in truth, that he will not come; for now I know that some mischance detains him. He has a wife and children. I have neither. Few but Pythias himself will miss me.

DIONYSIUS—And thou canst trust him still? What foolishness is thine! Hark, —the signal sounds;—and where is thy Pythias?

(*Pythias enters in great haste.*)

PYTHIAS—He is here.

DAMON—Returned? My friend, I knew thou wouldst return.

DIONYSIUS—And have I then misjudged him? Is it he?

DAMON—Dear Pythias, I had begun to hope some happy chance would keep you back. But you cannot speak. Your breath comes painfully.

PYTHIAS—A moment—and I'll tell thee —tell thee all—and how I was delayed.

DIONYSIUS (*to himself*)—And I, all my life, have refused to believe in friendship; now I find it does exist, a bright reality in these two hearts.

PYTHIAS—O Damon, didst thou mistrust me? Didst thou think I would play thee false? Confess! Thou didst,—just for one moment.

DAMON—Not for one moment, Pythias. I would have laid my head upon the block, as certain of thy truth as I am now.

PYTHIAS—I do believe thee. But listen; thus it happened,—my servant, hoping to save my life, crippled my horse, to stop me on my journey.

DAMON—Poor fellow! It was in fondness for thee that he did it.

PYTHIAS—Ay, 'twas in fondness. But, in my frenzy at the deed, I dragged him to a cliff, and would have cast him headlong down, had I not, at that moment, spied a traveller on a fresh steed.

DAMON—For thy sake, O my friend, I wish that traveller had kept away.

PYTHIAS—Forcing him to dismount, I took his place, and, riding at a gallop till the horse dropped with his mighty efforts, I rushed the rest of the way on foot, and here I am. And thou, my friend, art safe.

DIONYSIUS (*to himself*)—Now do I feel as if he were the true king.

DAMON—Oh that my life might have purchased thine, my friend!

PYTHIAS—Damon, be thou the guardian of my children, for they are young and helpless. In that thought lies the chief sting of death; yet thy friendship takes away the sting.

DIONYSIUS—Twice has the signal sounded? Art thou ready?

PYTHIAS—Farewell, my friend!—Now, Dionysius, let the officers come, for I am ready.

DIONYSIUS—So am *not* I.

DAMON—What means the king? There is a royal mercy in his eyes.

DIONYSIUS—Pythias, thou hast wronged me; but I believe a man so true in friendship will keep faith with a king.

DAMON—Doubt it not, O Dionysius, doubt it not!

DIONYSIUS—Wilt thou no longer plot against my throne, should I now spare thy life and give thee back to home and freedom?

PYTHIAS—That I can promptly promise. There shall be no more *plots*. All that I do shall be done openly.

DIONYSIUS—Enough. Now admit me to your friendship; for it is stronger than the soldier's arm and more mighty than the power and pomp of kings.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

HOW THE BIRDS TEACH RELIGION.

Everybody nowadays knows that birds have great economic value. An increasing number of people are beginning to love and appreciate them for their æsthetic importance,—their beautiful colors, sweet songs, and engaging ways. Have the birds a religious value? Have they any lessons to impart to the human soul,—lessons of the love and care of God, lessons of life and religion? I believe that they have,—lessons of great value and appealing charm. Jesus was quick to note the unseen in the seen—the fruitful lesson in the commonest things about him. He loved the birds, the trees, the flowers. "Behold the birds of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

The truth in these words was once brought forcibly home to me. It was away down among the snow-clad hills of the Pine Tree State. I had been called to conduct a funeral service in a distant town. It was a bitter day when, wrapped to the ears, I started in a pung to fulfil my sad duties. The driving snow fell fast. The keen wind bit to the bone. It was a wild, rough day in a wild, rough country. The horse had great difficulty in forcing his way through the drifts. At the left flowed the Androscoggin. At the right rose the hills, steep and forbidding.

As I sat huddled into the smallest space for warmth and shelter I suddenly became aware of a chorus of cheery notes and there dashed by a flock of pine-grosbeaks. Settling upon some staghorn sumacs that grew upon the river-bank, they began busily feeding, with many a contented ejaculation and gossipy note. The rosy red of the males made brilliant contrast with the white snow, while even the grayish females and miniature birds were clothed in beauty. What recked they of the driving storm? Why worry, when the Bountiful Giver had supplied their every want. There was food, sufficient for their every need. Food meant warmth, and that meant life and comfort. Let the storms of winter rage! Let the cold winds blow their hardest! Little cared they for it all.

I thought of one who walked the fields of Galilee nineteen hundred years ago and who said, "Behold the birds of the air: they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." And I gathered up the reins and faced the howling storm with new courage. I went on my way with a new hope and faith in my soul. Why be anxious for the things of the body? God knows and cares. If he provides for the needs of his birds, he will provide for his human children, if they will get in line with him and his laws, as do the birds, and obey his laws, as do the feathered denizens of field and forest. The All-Father supplies the wants of every living thing. If there is a food shortage in the world to-day, it is man's fault, not God's. There is food enough for all, but for human folly.

"Flee as a bird to your mountain," cried the Psalmist. The author was a keen observer, probably an out-of-door man, as was the custom of living in those old days. Well do I remember an experience among the White Mountains of New Hampshire a number of years ago. With a trusty comrade I had started from the foot of Mount Pleasant, along Edmund's Trail, for the top of Mount Washington, whose gigantic form loomed far above, lording it over the mountain, forest, lake, and stream. Just at the tree-line, where the low firs hug the bare rocks with a deathlike clutch to prevent being swept away by the fierce storms that rage in those high altitudes, we came upon a tiny spring trickling musically from the face of the rock. Unslinging our knapsacks, we knelt and took a long, deep, refreshing draught from the crystal fountain,—a draught that made us think of Ponce de Leon and the fabled "fountain of life."

Just as I was about to rise, refreshed, I heard a flutter of tiny wings and a frightened chirp. Glancing up, I saw a little junco, his breath coming in labored gasps, his white tail-feathers showing plainly, flying around the shoulder of the mountain. He paid no attention to my presence, but plunged into the scrub-fir, where he lay panting. And hot on his trail around the rock came a great Cooper's hawk. He stopped baffled, when he missed his prey. I stood immovable, curious to see what would happen, but determined to interfere and save the fugitive, if need should arise. But there was no need. The friendly mountain had intervened to enable the little bird to escape, for just a moment, the keen eye of the destroyer. Now deep in the tangled firs he lay secure.

Sharp, clear came to me the admonition of the Psalmist, "Flee as a bird to your mountain." I found myself humming the well-known song of the same title. Another lesson had been taught by one of God's tiny teachers. The bird found safety in the shelter afforded by the mountain's fastnesses. "A great rock in a weary land." For me, too, there was a secure refuge from every human ill. My Rock was ever at hand, to afford me safe shelter. "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ," wrote the Apostle in his epistle. "Do the wild creatures bear one another's burdens?" That they often do I have reason to know. Only recently, in rowing across a lake, I picked up a young redstart as he lay upon the surface, feebly struggling, with widespread wings. The youngster, miscalculating his powers, as is the way with all young things, had rashly essayed to fly across the lake, all ignorant of danger and his own limitations. Had I not discovered him, his fate would have been sealed, for it would not have been many minutes before he would have been snapped up by some prowling pickerel or bass, with which the lake abounded. I carried the little unfortunate aviator, whose engines had broken down, ending in a nose-dive into the lake, to our camp, and placed him on the branch of a gray birch.

His plaintive hunger cries soon brought relief. A female redstart appeared. She could have been no relation, for the place of his rescue was far removed. But she was a mother, and there was a little one in need. Not a moment did she hestitate. A nice fat caterpillar was offered and eagerly swallowed. She adopted that hapless young one, whose only claim upon her was his dire need, fed him solicitously and coaxed him off through the birches to some safe sanctuary.

I shall never forget one perfect day spent upon the slopes and summit of Kearsarge Mountain in New Hampshire. The view from the mountain's top had been superb. The journey down the mountain-side was filled with the joy of journeying among blooming flowers, bourgeoning trees, bright butterflies, graceful ferns, and singing birds. Near the foot of the slope we paused for a moment at the witching sunset hour, seating ourselves upon a great rock that had been deposited there ages ago by the great ice sheet, and there we were treated to the most exqui site duet in all nature. From the depth of the solitary forest came wafted to ou ears a strain of enchanting melody,—th clear, flutelike note of that incomparabl vocalist, the hermit-thrush. And then from another quarter, there joined in th pure, sweet soprano of the white-throate sparrow, a strain of long-drawn-out liqui sweetness.

We sat enchanted, lost in rapture, ou spirits submerged, for the time being, i the mystery and wonder of creation, th forest-clad mountain, the beauty of th earth, the magic of the darkening sky. A Mysterious Presence was abroad, "walkin in the garden in the cool of the day." Th bird-songs of the morning's ascent ha been rollicking pæans of gladness. Bu this duet, sweet, penetrating, inexpress ibly appealing, sank deep into our souls Quietly we finished the descent and foun our way home through the deepenin twilight, filled with deep peace and holy joy. An invisible hand had been lai in benediction upon our heads.—*Manle B. Townsend in the Christian Register.*

Far better it is to dare mighty things to win glorious triumphs even thoug checkered by failure, than to rank wit those poor spirits who neither enjoy no suffer much because they live in the gra twilight that knows neither victory no defeat.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to th Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cam bridge, Mass. Contributors are requeste to write on one side of the paper only Write name and address plainly (not nec essarily for publication), and send th answers to the puzzles on a separate sli of paper.]

I.

LOVE AFFAIR IN A GARDEN.

1. The bride's name.
2. Her brother's name.
3. Favorite sport in winter.
4. Groom's name and with what h wrote it.
5. What he often lost.
6. What he was advised to do.
7. What he did when he wished t marry.

8. What she gave him when he proposed.
9. To whom did she refer him?
10. What church office did her father hold?
11. What did the sun do on the wedding-day?
12. What he saw on the wedding-day.
13. Who performed the ceremony?
14. Who was the maid of honor?
15. What color did she wear?
16. What did the bride wear on her head?
17. What did she wear on her feet?
18. What did the groom wear for the last time?
19. In what numbers did the guests arrive.
20. Where did they go on their tour?
21. What time did they start?
22. What did they give her small brother?
23. What he did when they took it away?
24. Who was their maid?
25. What the groom said when he went away.
26. What she did when she saw him coming.
27. With what did she greet him?
28. With what did she rule him?
29. Was the happiness enduring?

—*Boston Transcript.*

II.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. A covering for the head.
3. An article made from wood pulp.
4. A number.
5. A consonant.

III.

PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.

To two-thirds of War add one-fourth of Siam, one-sixth of Hudson, two-fifths of Spain, one-seventh of Georgia, and three-sixths of Boston, and get the name of a well-known person.

IV.

A STAIRWAY.

The top step is a three-letter word. Each lower step begins with the last three letters of the one above.

1. A vulgar, ill-bred fellow.
2. The reputed founder of Thebes.
3. A fine cotton cloth.
4. A kind of tree.
5. Pertaining to the teeth.
6. A common name for a toilet powder.
7. To hinder: to embarrass.
8. A boy's nickname.
9. To fasten with a string.

—*Selected.*

V.

AN ACROSTIC.

(All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter spells the name of a New England poet.)

1. A city of Kentucky.
2. A play by Shakespeare.
3. An English cathedral.
4. A city of New York.
5. The name of an apple.
6. One of the three sirens.
7. A famous poem.
8. A city of France.
9. A President of the United States.
10. A minister.

Answers to puzzles in the January number.

I. GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMONDS:

T	P
GEM	WAR
TEXAS	PARIS
MAR	RIP
S	S

II. ACROSTIC: This answer will be given in March number.

III. BLANKS: 1. Pale-ale. 2. Particle-article. 3. Bears-ears. 4. Cover-over. 5. Balance-a lance.

IV. SQUARE

E A S T
A R E A
S E E R
T A R N

V. NUMERICAL PUZZLE: SOME RECENT BOOKS.

A Labrador Doctor. The Standard Bearers.

The War Romance of the Salvation Army.

Seeing Pennsylvania.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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In sending subscriptions for *The Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

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Make all applications to the Home Study Work, Mrs. Elmer E. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MUSIC.

The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and, now that there is more and more interest in "community singing" the calls for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.